

Halo: Tales of Heroes, Victims and Murderers

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Summary: Three short stories about the human covenant war through different perspectives and narrative plot lines, leaves alot of arguments and interpretive actions so feel free to gain your own insight to what is truly going on/ NOT LINEAR or CHARACTER BASED - Please feel free to check out my Chronicles of Halo 5 part story if you like what you read and REVIEW PLEASE!

1. Heroes Chapter One

Almost like a line-backer, the thunderous mesh of fur, metal and flesh unleashed itself forward with a vigorous rage. Despite its almost heroic display of strength and ferocity, within seconds its head was smacked back by a quick volley of heavy metallic bullets. Brown blood splattered all over the floor as the Jiralhanae's skull was blown apart without compromise; the remaining husk of its once powerful body smashing down upon the thick shard of dust, dirt and blood.

"Sir you've got to keep moving, another phantom is dropping in" One of the UNSC heavy clad marines spoke up quickly, firing another volley of powerful battle rifle rounds into the exposed flesh of a brute minor's rough neck.

"This man is in need of medical attention" The high priority target replied hesitantly, crouching himself over the corpse of a fallen human warrior whilst clutching at his heart. The victimised blood almost seemed to send a flash of nausea over his self of being as he opened his mouth in sickened horrification.<p>

"Leave him or you won't make it, I've got orders to take you straight back!" The marine screamed at him, lowering her battle rifle as she ripped two standard M9 magnum's out of her thigh holsters in order to open fire at three large squawking bird like Kig-Yar scouts. One of the jackals was blown apart with a puff of purple blood due to the overwhelming fire but as the marine continued fire on the remaining two, they activated their wrist bucklers and emitted a harmonious blue circular shield in order to protect themselves whilst firing

their own energy based projectiles.

>Thick goblets of green plasma quickly spun through the air and splashed unceremoniously against the thick armour plating of the marine; slowly chewing through almost acidically until she managed to hide herself behind a wall and recover slowly.<p>

"Damn this isn't fair" She moaned to herself, clutching at her chest piece in pain as the green energy finally dissipated and allowed her to throw a quick fragmentation grenade at her enemies. Four seconds later a successive explosion of shrapnel and smoke billowed through both Kig-Yar and blew them apart ferociously.

>Finally the female soldier groaned and stood up grimly, balancing her weight on her left limb as she fired with her right arm, "This is UNSC corporal Hicks calling for command, respond and go for secure?" A gasp escaped her tone sharply as a thick volley of pink crystalline needles sizzled right past her own face; almost allowing her to look upon a reflection as they embedded themselves into a wall before popping.
"We have you corporal, what is the situation with the target; your overdue and the pelican reports numerous covenant banshee fliers closing in on its position" The marine's communication relay sparked quickly, the speaker sounding rough and forward; although with understandable measure and reasoning.

"My entire squad is down sir but the target is still alive, some covenant squatters are between us and the pelican relay point" Hicks spluttered out loud quickly, almost swearing as a plasma grenade ignited at least four feet away from her and causing her to jump to the side behind another crude barricade, "The enemy is receiving reinforcements and I don't know how long I can't hold out against these bastards."

>"Affirmative corporal" The harsh voice replied quickly, barely caring for comfort or reassurance as it spoke almost automatically, "Hell-Jumper squad Charlie is in route as a support squad, just make sure you get that target to the relay point; we're counting on you marine."
"Aye sir" The UNSC weather beaten marine growled quickly, crouching down on one knee whilst firing a quick volley of battle rifle rounds into a small battalion of Unggoy minors that had exposed themselves momentarily and payed for it brutally with their own lives.

"Alright Mr operator, I need you to do me a favour" Hicks spoke up grimly before throwing her final fragmentation grenade in hopes to repel the enemy as she continued to speak, "Grabbing some form of cover or weaponry will really help me out here, as soon as our reinforcements show up; we are heading straight through that hanger bay and I don't want to see that suit of yours to be covered in your own blood."

>"Iâ€¦I understand" The target gulped nervously, looking down at the grey blazer that had already been be-speckled with dust and sweat over the day's events. After reaching down and grabbing a small issued SMG Uzi from the grizzled corpse of a fallen marine, he quickly crawled forward and positioned himself safely behind a thick slab of granite to protect himself from the flesh seeking plasma and spike projectiles.<p>

As the two humans fired upon the covenant forces, three large purple phantoms quickly descended from the smoky atmosphere to unload a large battalion of Jiralhanae warriors; all led by one massive black and red clad hammer wielding Brute War Chieftain.

>"Fuck they came quickly" Hicks spat out in disgust, concentrating

her rounds on the new covenant warriors, successfully dropping a couple before the volley of sharp spikes thundered down and forced her to take cover again. As she positioned herself to listen for any quick attacks, she heard the large chieftain brute shouting out orders and commanding his underlings to assault the human position; this wasn't good news for her, now they had a plan and leader.<p>

Suddenly a whining noise filled the entire atmosphere, revealing the presence of four large silver canisters descending down to the earth and smashing violently straight down and through the thick solid metallic floor. The drop-pods sizzled for a moment, capturing everyone's attention almost dramatically before they cracked open and allowed a small but ferocious looking squad of Orbital Drop Shock Trooper's to jump down feet first and open fire straight at the enemy.

"Fill em full of lead Hell-Jumpers!" One of the ODST's shouted out heroically, the leader no doubt; his own ferocity unchallenged as he levelled a powerful shotgun in order to rip the guts open from a brute minor with two quick aggressive scatter shots.
>Corporal Hicks watched with admiration as the Orbital jumper's continued to push forward, slaughtering the surprised covenant brutes with ease and ferocity to match. Finally the female marine growled and reloaded her battle rifle swiftly before she spoke up, "Alright we need to push up, keep your head down and stay behind me at all times."
"Right" The operator swallowed nervously, rubbing his knuckles together before attempting to reload his SMG and failing to slot the magazine capacity into the revolving mechanism.

"Here, this is how you do it" Hicks almost smiled as she successfully navigated his palm in order to reload the small weapon properly; quickly as he cocked it ready she grabbed his attention and spoke directly to him, "If something happens to me, I want you to get yourself out of here by any means necessary; the ODST's the Pelican I don't care. The Intel you hold is crucial for the UNSC and we can't afford you losing it, especially to the covenant."
>"What are you suggesting? Run straight for the pelican or double back for protection?" The operator spoke violently, aggravated with the concept of the covenant forces gaining access to the limitless information that he possessed.
"I say you act on your judgement, your survival instincts will tell you what to and how to do it" Hicks nodded once, standing up swiftly and preparing herself to run forward with the operator and the large convenient distraction ongoing, "Ok let's do this!"
>And so the two figures leaped forward, jumping over the large steel barricade and straight into the fray with fingers on the triggers and intent anticipation over the hanger bay doors that served as their destination.<p>

One particularly large pack of Unggoy quickly chirped in acknowledgement of the assault, allowing the plasma to charge readily before firing a large monotonous volley of green plasma that rained down and splashed upon both humans before they could get to cover.

>"Fuck!" Hicks shouted out in pain, dabbing at numerous green fire that was sparking all-through her armour and body mesh; burning numerous points and sparking a large boil of blood to spew straight out of her torso to the ground. As the UNSC marine groaned in pain, the operative grimaced as he looked down at the small gash in his

shin; it had barely touched him but still slightly prohibited his movement.
"This is corporal Hicks with the high value target, I need these grunts taken out ASAP" The female warrior finally gulped into the local transponder communications; groaning as she slid up against the wall and attempted to quench the blood flow from her torso.

"Affirmative marine" One of the Hell-Jumping warriors spoke quickly, drawing out a large B18 Battle Rifle and concentrating all fire on the squad of pesky grunts. Small eruptions of blue luminous blood quickly lit up the entire battlefield as the minors were ripped apart, one of the methane tanks exploding and sending the entire creature forward in a frenzy dance until it exploded violently.

>Hicks breathed in slowly as she listened to the sound of the covenant squatter's deaths; finally she grabbed a hold onto her leg and ripped herself upwards in order to assist the human operator up to his own feet, "Sir we have a job to do, I want you to sprint straight for the pelican; the ODS'T's will stay behind and stop anything that tries to get through."<p>

The operator nodded once, allowing the marine to push him forward as he started running straight for the hanger bay doors; completely ignoring the mass of Jiralhanae and Unggoy warriors that attempted to halt his path. Their own fates ending with quick bullets and resolving rounds from the assisting Hell-Jumpers.

>"Keep running!" Hicks shouted from behind him, firing her own dual sets of M9 magnums at the enemy whilst following him quickly and escorting him to the pelican hanger bay doors. Suddenly one large brown fist rushed forward; ripping through the covenant crowd and smashing straight through the face of the human operator, sending him straight to the ground with a groan.
The USNC marine sprinted forward as she witnessed the large Jiralhanae minor close in over the human ominously; slowly it raised the spiker and aimed it at the human whilst ignoring the numerous rounds that smashed into its back.

A roar erupted out of the brute, allowing it to rush the bladed weapon straight forward in hopes to skewer the human in half. Suddenly the female human smashed straight into the creature, barely caring to fire her weapon as she threw her entire body weight into the huge mass of the enemy mesh of fur and flesh.

>But despite her will to wish death upon the enemy, as she smashed her body into that of the enemy; the opposing force simply refused to move and she was knocked effortlessly down to the ground.
As the brute turned its mass around quickly, it sniffed aggressively and allowed the hideous scent of his prey to fill his nostrils. Finally it roared defiantly and stabbed down with its primary spiker firearm, allowing the twin blades to enter the human's torso and spray a volley of crimson blood to splatter across its own chest plate.

"Tear it to pieces!" An ODS'T shouted out in rage, leading his squad to absolutely annihilate the minor with overwhelming fields to fire; only halting when the Jiralhanae had fallen in an eruption of blood and muscle. Finally one of the battle worn warriors rushed forward and knelt down, firing a large volley of bullets into two smaller Kig-Yar scouts and ripping them both apart with ease; as the hell-jumper crouched down and lifted the female marine up to her feet he managed to topple another Unggoy and halt its own

progression.

"Thanks" Hicks coughed out a small smidge of blood from her throat as she looked up, the operator had already stood up and was already running straight for the hanger bay doors. As the Marine looked up into the silver triangular visor she almost smiled, but a loud and horrifying sound quickly voiced up and drew her attention.

>A human screamed from her side, it was another ODST being literally smashed into pieces by the powerful smash of the Jiralhanae Chieftain's gravity hammer. The large armour clad monstrosity roared out in animalistic rage as it hefted its large primary melee weapon and cracked it down on the dismembered corpse of the once living and breathing human warrior.
The other ODST squad members didn't hesitate for a moment, firing their weaponry together in hopes to bringing the massive chieftain down with overwhelming ammunition. Large spasms quickly ripped through the golden over shield barrier that encased the creature; the invincibility shields not being affected a smidge despite the large volley of human rounds.

The creature roared out and rushed forward, twisting the large gravity hammer around and smashing it down upon another human Hell-Jumper and crushing all bones inside the victim's body violently. A sickening crack could be heard from the collapsed corpse as the female UNSC marine looked over the Hell-Jumpers assaulters as she collected herself and she started to sprint forward after the human operator.

>Meanwhile the brute chieftain continued his rampage, smashing his hammer down ferociously and continuously until all members of the original ODST squad had been literally pulverised into dust and blood. Finally the Jiralhanae warrior growled and watched the retreating human marine, then with a satisfied grunt he ran forward with the cruel intent to massacre the human target.<p>

"Get inside!" Hicks shouted out in desperation, struggling to sprint properly as the wound in her gut started to affect her breathing as well as her stamina rate. As she looked behind herself, the large brute chieftain was still pounding down on her position; every large bulging muscle intent on ripping the human apart, even the small and ferocious blood red eyes displaying true fanatical rage.

>The operator hesitated for a second, one leg in the large hovering silver pelican whilst the other residing upon the solid dusty brown earth in something close to pity. Every regulation and compassionate thought classed ferociously inside his head, but as he looked into the eyes of the injured marine he realised that he would not let her sacrifice count for nothing.<p>

"Thank you" He breathed in slowly, ripping his own gaze from her eyes as he finally entered the hanger bay of the pelican and pounded the back in order to convey the immediate take-off for the pilot.

>Hicks groaned as a large goblet of blood exited her lower chest piece, dripping down and mixing with the large torrent of sweat and mud as she started to feel the dizziness and shock of her wounds; thus falling to her knees and collapsing unceremoniously into the ground.
As the UNSC marine struggled to raise herself up from the dirt, she looked straight up and watched the magnificent sight of the metallic pelican successfully escaping with its high risk target. A smile escaped her lips as she watched the vehicle disappear from view; knowing that her objective and part to play had been finally completed and she could rest from it.

Suddenly a painful realisation sparked up from her back, and as she arched her spine out violently she could tell the large brute chieftain had rested the handle of his massive gravity hammer against the nook of her shoulder blades.

>"Filth" It spat out violently, a volley of spittle exiting its large maw and tusks in an aggressive motion that resembled much of his race, "Where are you taking the incompetent prize?" A deep indulgence of hot air from the brute's odour slowly affected the human's breathing and as he twisted the handle violently she almost felt her ribs cracking under the pressure.
"You take that hammer and you know what to do with it" The marine replied without hesitation, the will to live being overridden with loyalty and the simple hatred she possessed over these verminous creatures that had invaded her home.

Then suddenly without warning, the Jiralhanae roared and snapped the handle forward excessively and violently; allowing the tension and leverage crack forward and disable the primary vertebra of the already downed human marine. Finally the chieftain shook his heavy bulk frame in disgust and turned away, leaving the pathetic female to writhe in her own failure and pain until she would find the sweet comfort of death.

2. Heroes Chapter Two

"Are you ok sir?"

The high value target sighed once and looked down at the soft red patch of blood that had seeped into his jeans; despite the fact that he had narrowly missed a plasma charge, he was in good shape and seemed content with himself physically. However as he looked out the large pelican cockpit windows he could only feel a sense of empathy and loss over the thousands of men and women to have died down there. The fruitless sacrifice of a planet and its people, all due to the will of a religious hierarch and blind followers; but that was all about to end.

>With the information that he held, the covenant would not be able to stand on their own legs anymore; if he could transfer himself home or to a safe location than he could and would shut down the barbarous horde of aliens from within as well as their own teachings.<p>

Truth be told, he felt mixed when it came to what form of emotions he felt at the present time; a large horde of purple clad covenant vessels could be seen in the distance of the vessel's right window set but at the left, one solitude small UNSC frigate was impatiently waiting with his ticket of this slag-heap.

"I'm ok" The target finally gulped, looking through the thick stained glass of the pelican window out to the massive burning planet below. Large beams of flashing light could be seen coating the entire surface, ripping through the atmosphere and fuelling the flames to literally burn and destroy the once thriving world of all life force and sustainability of existence.

>"I'm ok" He breathed in slowly, leaning back on his seat in hopes to find comfort; or at least some solitude that would draw him away from the obvious destruction and chaos that was burning the entire planet and slaughtering thousands of innocent men, women and children underneath him.
Finally he gulped in solemnly, for he found no

solitude or escape from the grim realisation and fact that this was something that had happened; and nothing he would or could do had the potential to reshape history and bring back all those who sacrificed themselves so he could live on and retell his story.

****Meanwhile****

>"Bring the incompetent one, his fate shall be judged by the gods"
The low ominous call ripped through the entire court like a particularly warm knife through hot butter. Within seconds, all onlookers had been hushed and ceased to speak; all awaiting word from the three influential Hierarchal figures at the head of the council.
The council was evenly spread with two large factions dominating the court; Sangheili councillor's backed up with San Shyuum shamans greatly outnumbered the smaller coating of underling covenant warriors and definitely captured most attention and power within the entire armada of the holy city.

Suddenly a large succession of warriors entered the room, warily shocking the court members and alerting them to the presence of the golden clad Elite honour guards to walk up slowly and position themselves in a column pattern; their talons fixed primarily on their energy pikes whilst realigning their posture powerfully and proudly.

>One large Jiralhanae warrior stumbled forward, his presence acting as an act of disgust and deprival from the rest of the covenant forces; never before had a member of his species been let upon the court room, they had always seemed to barbaric and ill-tempered to even speak to the lowest of Unggoy Deacons.
Despite this strange occurrence, the chieftain did not appear pleased to be placed in this position; his own arms were shaking almost nervously whilst carrying the large gravity hammer in place; two small eyes always watching the three large figures that dominated the court.

"Brute chieftain Marcabus, you have failed the covenant as well as your own blessed path for yourself and the rest of your race." One of the San Shyuum hierarch's drawled out slowly from the left, his grey cloak twisting in the air as he continued to speak in a monotone voice, "The acceptance of the Jiralhanae upon this task has been the first of your race, and yet you lack the resolve to do even such a medial test."

>For his part, the Jiralhanae Chieftain grunted out in displeasure and continued to keep his head down; he knew that any wrong move or word could easily get him killed, or worse he could be humiliated in front of the infamous Sangheili curs.<p>

"The prey escaped my thrall, luckily its location is not unbeknownst to us" Marcabus spoke evenly, attempting to override the natural cultural speech of the brutes and replacing it with the more confusing language of the San Shyuum; a language required and based within the central core of the entire covenant, "If you would allow me tooâ€|"

"To bring dishonour upon the covenant with another failure!?" The grey cloaked prophet screamed out in fury, allowing a quick spurt of rage serve as the topic of discussion between the many spectators as he turned back and calmed himself down whilst twitching his long fingers together in anticipation, "Your race has doomed us yet again, it seems that I must place my own loyalty and trust within the guided path of another."

>Marcabus growled at himself, he knew that this failure would sink

into his family and race history for a high age; unless he could somehow restore himself and prove the brute worth to the remaining members of the covenant armada.<p>

"The council recognises the hand of the covenant" The Prophet continued to drawl out, his own voice becoming partially fanatical as he raised his own spindly fist in holy matrimony and almost shouted out, "The Harbinger will serve us, once again proving his worth as the adversary and bane of humanity."

>Many gaps of awe quickly ripped through the spectating audience, causing a large thunder of voices and speech to rip through the entire court session at mentioning of such a legendary figure within their own court. The Harbinger title was little less than a myth, an individual that would personally see through all tasks of the San Shyuum whilst still holding his own status as an independent tool of the divine journey. Essentially this nemesis was a creature in its own right, not one limitation could ever tie it down and it owed its allegiance to nothing but the great journey of the covenant.<p>

Slowly and dramatically, one large boot slammed down upon the council floor chambers; allowing numerous councillors to loom down and stare at the spectacularly massive and powerful jet black clad Sangheili warrior that even looked down upon the large mass of the Jiralhanae.

>The entire monstrosity was built up of knotted muscle and raw power, overlapping plating of inscribed armour pieces helped protect the creature as well as religious representation. As the massive jet black elite looked around in something close to disgust, numerous covenant members diverted their gaze in hopes to escape the penetrating gaze of such a powerful and remorseless individual.<p>

"The incompetent prey serves as a risk of the great journey" The grey clad Hierarchy drawled out ceremoniously, bowing his own head in presence of the large ominous black clad Sangheili in respect as he spoke, "After the failure of the Jiralhanae, I now know that only you could ever perform a task so zealotry pure and divine."

>Marcabus attempted to rise, in order to barbarically shout out in protest over this event; the task being ripped out of his own grip? And into the filthy paws of a Sangheili Cur? But something stopped the quick insurgence, as the small red eyes looked up into the thick black sharp rims of the Harbinger, all attempts to leave or protest were overridden by simple desire to escape.
Somehow as the Brute stood up aggressively, he almost seemed inferior to the large black clad Sangheili nemesis; but as the Jiralhanae tightened his rough paws and gripped his tusks together he finalised that he would not bow his head or even acknowledge the elite filth.

"Hand me your weapon" The Harbinger spoke evenly, his powerful and ancient voice ripping through the entire corridor as if it were the tone of a god itself; not one slight hesitation or hitch entered the elites face as he looked down at the pesky brute chieftain.

For his part, Marcabus almost froze in shock; the prospect of handing over such a precious and honourable weapon to this cur was something beneath a Jiralhanae that had reached the status and power he had. Despite this, as he gazed up at the raw power and destruction of the Sangheili nemesis he knew what would come to be if he didn't do as he was commanded.

>And so he slowly reached down and grabbed the gravity hammer from the floor, raising it in his paws and lifting it even more slowly to show his complete resignation and unwanted submissive action in front of the monstrosity of an Elite.<p>

The Harbinger paused for a second and then lunged forward, snatching the hammer into his own paw within the bat of an eyelid; then as he compared it into the flash of a low beam purple light, a slow chuckle started to escape his thick muscled and heavily armoured mandibles. With amazing strength the elite held onto the entire hammer with one arm and looked straight up at the prophets before drawling out, "The prey will be hunted, the journey will not be stopped."
>And then without another word, the Harbinger left the room and chamber with a swift resilience and will to crush all human or brute opposition that attempted to stop him.<p>

3. Heroes Chapter Three

"So what exactly are you holding that is so damned important to us!" The Admiral growled out violently; barely caring for the amount of spittle escaping his own maw as he thundered out in something close to repressed despair, "I lost a lot of men and women down there to retrieve you, I really don't want to hear that their deaths were in vain."

"I'm afraid that's all quite classified admiral" The high valued target sighed out in shared dismay, personally he considered telling his saviour everything that had happened over the years but unfortunately rules and regulations ripped through his own sense of honesty and forced him to speak, "All you need to know is that our immediate departure to Reach or Earth is something of due importance, the information I hold is key to the success of humanity through this war."

"We have orders to protect this system and you want us to leave?" The high ranking tough man roared out in disbelief, every tone and voice change implying how little he cared for this new passenger as well as the orders he had been given.

The operator paused for a second, looking out the large glass framework that helped encase and protect the frigate from the outside spillage of atmospheric loss; as he peered through the battle worn material he could see the large plumes of fire spreading across the entire planet due to the massive purple covenant ships hovering over.

"There's nothing you can do to save this system Admiral, but if you get me out of here safely then I guarantee this will never happen again" The target finally spoke, keeping his own eyes trained on the heavy clad hovering assault carriers that circled the entire planet like wasps over their next unfortunate victim.

The Admiral breathed in slowly, he was a hard man with years of war pounded into his system over time; but the destruction and desolation of this 'glassing' could even bring anyone down to their knees in understandable sorrow and anguish. As he tore his gaze away from the rampaging fires of the planet he breathed out harshly, "Fine, prepare all engines for immediate slip-space jump towards the system of Reach; I want a random fluxuation to interfere in our patterns as

well, we have the Cole protocol to consider here."

"Aye sir, destination plotted in and charted for immediate departure" One of the piloting operators spoke up quickly; tapping at numerous functions inside his own data pad relay in order to transfer the orders across to the rest of the crew members.

****Meanwhile****

>The deep black inky sky held a large fluxation of life, contrasting too many beliefs over the lack of alien existence; numerous systems and stars could be easily seen in the distance right outside the relatively wounded USNC frigate. Luckily for the humans, the covenant had not detected their presence or maybe barely even cared as they violently glassed the planet into goblets of fire and charred ruins.<p>

Suddenly a large fissure of blue light sparked across the seemingly empty space in front of the human vessel, revealing the large cloak of camouflage that had been hiding one particularly vicious looking covenant corvette from sight. The purple vessel acted quickly, striking its primary cannons forward in order to fling massive goblets of superheated plasma across the empty spread of space and into the metallic hull of the frigate.

Shouts of surprise quickly rang through the human vessel's communications relay, every member hurrying themselves to battalion stations in hope to halt and rebut this violent assault. Chunks of metal quickly spun across the empty field, matching the large explosion of crimson light that reeked itself all over the human vessel.

Before one single shot was flung back towards the covenant aggressors, numerous small purple shuttles quickly populated themselves across the cosmos of space; all aiming down and firing at the human vessel with large green eruptive bolts and repeated blue plasma rounds. The seraph's swung down and successfully disabled the temporary energy barrier around the human frigate with overwhelming fields of energy rounds. UNSC shield technology was still a development in progress, slowly adapted after the covenant themselves and mimicked ungraciously and unsuccessfully; the shielding had been destroyed within seconds.

As the exposed outer shell continued to be pulverised violently; a small collection of human sabre vessels quickly shot out of the numerous hanger bay's with the strict objective to defend the vessel from the covenant ships. The small but ferocious mechanical vehicles zoomed around the frigate and hunted down a collection of larger Seraph fighter's with the intent to shoot them straight out of the sky.

The Sabre's all used the same rehearsed technique to seek and destroy their targets; unleashing a thick volley of B9 rounds in order to deplete the large crackling plasma shielding before locking on with heat seeking missiles. Little eruptions of plasma and metal quickly filled the atmosphere as the missiles successfully hit their mark and cracked straight into the exposed metallic hull of the purple Seraph fliers.

The temporary victory unfortunately did not last long; use of the surprise attack serving to eliminate seven small Seraph fighters

before the vessels realised what had happened and acted on it. With overwhelming numbers, the covenant fliers quickly spun around and fired their own volleys of plasma upon the human shuttles; successfully obliterating them with continuous energy projectiles that appeared either from the vessels or the large covenant corvette in orbit.

"O Master, the human vessel is crippled and ready for boarding" A small Unggoy pilot spoke up ungracefully; gladdened slightly with the excitement as a small puff of methane gas escaped its spiky body and entered the artificial atmosphere of the vessel.

The Harbinger nodded quickly from his position above them all, he had neglected the concept of sitting a long time ago and never gone back to the defeat that would come with seating himself in the large almost throne like seat.

>"The boarding of this vessel is irrelevant, an unnecessary loss of life that will result in the same manner as before" The large jet black Nemesis growled slowly, his mandibles parting quickly as he spoke outloud to the numerous covenant underlings in his thrall.<p>

"But your excellency" One rather small Kig-Yar pilot squawked out in protest, its voice chirped and rather irritating, "The Hierarch would demand a corpse for such a prize, should we not personally see the will of the gods done?"

>"You know nothing of the will of the gods you incompetent fragment" The Harbinger roared outloud in complete fury, insanely angered by the jackal's uprising and insurgence against his own strategic orders, "If you wish for a corpse then you may find it from the wreckage, and if you fail to do so then you will pay forfeit with your own body."
Not one covenant underling replied to his fruitful rampage, all resorting to temporary fear and will to live as they bowed down their heads and nodded without complaint or comment.

"Burn them all" The Harbinger growled softly, allowing his words to carry out and decide the fate of hundreds of innocent people with one simple sentence. And under his rule, no one argued or even attempted to halt his plan; for he held the secret of the divine journey and all those lucky enough to follow it his footsteps.

>A thunderous volley of plasma quickly spluttered out of the numerous gun ports all along the covenant corvette; arcs of blue energy flashing across the cosmos of space and spiralling violently until they splashed against the heavy hull of the ship and literally started chewing through the metal, almost like acid.<p>

Within seconds the entire UNSC frigate started leaking out a large formation of radiation and plasma oriented flames as a large section of the wing was ripped off with overwhelming plasma rounds. The entire vessel burned ferociously as it lost its own balance, falling slowly out of orbit to the side as another volley of superheated plasma cut into its underbelly and sliced all the way through until they burrowed a hole to the primary radiational battery generators of the entire vessel.

One final transmission was sent out from the UNSC Frigate before the one last plasma round spiralled in and splashed itself against the vessel's engines; causing the entire vessel to explode spectacularly into thousands of metallic fragments, sending hundreds of men and women to their deaths. Amongst the numerous casualties that had been

reported that day was the one that had truly sparked out unceremoniously; Lerome Key. The man that had attempted to rise up and save the many lives of humanity with the information he possessed, the man that had struggled to even stand on his own two feet and the man that had been slaughtered for it amongst hundreds of other innocents.

The transmission read, 'We fight together, we die together'

4. Victims Chapter One

The singular thread of lime green energy sizzled though the air, the projectile was long and sharpened roughly with superheated plasma curves as it spun through the high dense atmosphere before impacting violently into the exposed jugular of the battle hardened but tired human UNSC marine. Thick plumages of crimson liquid quickly erupted out of the male's neck as he fell down to his knees in absolute pain and anguish; his entire life force being ripped away by the singular bolt of death. Finally the human managed to find the sweet comfort of death, the tremendous exhaustion of blood loss and shock affecting his entire system so badly that everything was forced to shut down and send him to rest.

One particularly muscled and hairy Kig-Yar sniper squawked out in grim joy over the kill, sticking a quick green canister into his long purple rifle and charging it completely for another volley of death determining shots. The sniper was content with the brutal massacre for the time, but he knew that in order to truly realise his potential as a blood spawn and even ultra he required a great deal more kills. Four small Unggoy minors squealed outloud in confusion of their own objective to him, in which he snarled and pointed them forward towards the enemy aggressively; the grunts had always been afraid to fight and needed a large persuadable notion of agreement.

"Jackal, move your blood spawn up to the second filth cluster" The sniper's heavy binocular communications relay screamed at him harshly; relaying an inevitable order that had to be travelled out from him to the rest of his Kig-Yar brothers.

>Rage overcame the large carbine wielding sniper, he wasn't afraid of the concept of battle and death, but he knew that he would be needed at the back of the battle; where he could pick off targets one by one with his deadly precision rifle. However he knew that these orders were not something to ignore, so within seconds he screeched out and pointed his weaponry at the large stone structure at the middle of the courtyard.<p>

One massive purple covenant corvette could be seen from above them all, displaying a powerful sense of danger and destruction to all filthy and unfortunate humans present in the ongoing battle of this new planet. The initial assault of this system was crucial for the great journey as it portrayed the survival of the holy fleet. A large number of anti-air mac cannons had been built into numerous spots of the capital city; allowing no access with overwhelming covenant assault carrier's and cruisers. The only tactic had been small elite assault groups to destroy every anti air battery in the vicinity, as phantoms and banshee's were too small to shoot down it was a perfect plan. Thus a large number of small teams had been chosen on these suicide missions to hunt down and destroy one missile battery each.

This group was led by a rather fussy and blunt Sangheili Elite Spec Ops unit that had already shown his ill temper by butchering a couple of Unggoy that had hesitated before battle with the humans.

As the Jackal Sniper watched grimly, two large Mgalekgolo hunters rumbled forward and proceeded to take a large volley of green fuel rod shots at the barricaded marines; choosing to completely annihilate both them and the cover in which they attempted to hide behind with overindulging lime green fire and plasma volleys.

"Push forward!" The Kig-Yar shouted outloud in his native tongue, knowing that the covenant surrounding him would probably not speak his language but understand the message portrayed through his physical movement. As the sniper spoke, numerous Unggoy and more of his feathered brethren rushed forward in order to completely engulf the hiding humans with overwhelming numbers and plasma based projectile weaponry.

>"Wort Wort Wort!" One large Sangheili Minor roared out loud, encouraging the smaller and inferior Kig-Yar sniper to follow suite whilst thundering forward himself with one thick talon hilted upon the heavy blue plasma rifle in his paw.<p>

However as the Kig-Yar kneeled down by one soft patch in the dirt, something caught his eye to a new and potential issue. The monotonous drone of an engine starting up as a green clad U58 warthog thundered over the thick muddy ground and rushed forward in order to completely obliterate and crush the rushing Sangheili minor. A roar of triumph ran through the human marine on the back of the speeding vehicle; his own trigger ferociously cutting down a battalion of Unggoy in bloody swathes of blue luminous blood as if they were nothing but moving targets.

Suddenly a thick beam of green light cut straight through and into the warthog from the side, smashing its outer hull into sparked pieces of dented metal and sending it flying into the column of a collapsed wall with a puff of fire and smoke. As the UNSC marines attempted to recover from the ferocious blast, one large armour clad burly Hunter growled in a thousand voices in once whilst charging up another shot to absolutely shatter the human vehicle.

But the marines didn't let it, the driver responded quickly and instinctively; slamming down on the acceleration and twisting the entire car around until it aimed down and thundered towards the Mgalekgolo with a cruel intent. Without a second of hesitation, the entire vehicle ploughed straight forward and crashed violently into the hunter with an explosion of metal and orange luminous blood; despite the damage done however, the worm based creature hadn't moved an inch to the side or backwards from the charge.

>Then without pause it screamed outloud, all rage and ferocity displayed in thousands of different voices as it lifted the heavy metal clad shield and crushed it down on the exposed engine of the warthog. With a fiery explosion of metal and smoke, the humans and vehicle exploded magnificently in an eruption that also managed to completely engulf the hunter's life force and appearance.<p>

The Kig-Yar sniper sneered out in shared contempt, not only had the single Mgalekgolo killed of a valuable and destructive enemy counterpart; but the one remaining hunter would now be filled with the rage and anger to release upon the humans at will. As he watched, the final burly clad worm creature rushed forward and carved its

shield down like a hammer; successfully cutting through a heavy barricade and killing all humans inside with unparalleled ferocity.

>It seemed like everything was going right alongside the plan, as the Jackal continued to zoom through the thick scope of his rifle he managed to pick off another exposed human and successfully watched him writhe in the floor; the moment only able to become greater if he could personally slit the human's throat. A satisfied snarl gleamed out of the sniper's throat as he watched the pathetic marine die, the large silver anti air mac cannon was even in reach now; it seemed as if their success was indeed predicted and given to them by the many gods.<p>

But almost as if something else, something almighty and powerful decided to scream out in defiance of this murder; a loud thunderous boom could be heard from the sky and before any covenant inferior could even comment. A large battalion of shuttle's descended down from the stormy winds above, streaking through the sky until they landed violently with the solid earth and detached doors onto the floor.

Within seconds the drop pod's had opened, and within a minute a large squad of twelve armour clad Hell-Jumper ODST's rushed outside and fired their own projectile based weaponry in order to cut down and slaughter the invading covenant armada.

>It seemed that the plans would be set back.<p>

5. Victims Chapter Two

"Drive them back!" A human roar ripped through the fire stricken sky, serving as a beacon of hope and courage against the never-ending power of the covenant horde and armada. It was the battle hardened voice of a Hell-Jumping ODST Lieutenant brandishing a large and powerful fuel propelled rocket launcher over his shoulder whilst firing a volley upon the enemy.

>Numerous screams of death quickly lit up the battle ground as the jackhammer missiles fused their own destruction into a large eruption of fire, smoke and earth to pillage through the Unggoy and Kig-Yar forces; chewing them up like a hungry beast.
The jackal sniper screeched as the fiery explosion smashed into his feathery side, covering him with deep flares of crimson fire and propelling him sideways into the side of a fallen metal column in order to slide off and fallen to his knees. The side of the creature's face burned harshly, only halting when a large patch of skin scraped off his cheek and landed softly upon the ground; his feathers burned and everything hurt.

But he was alive, so with the vengeance of the covenant gods themselves he screeched outloud for his fallen blood spawn and yanked the carbine into a better position in order to fire a volley of deadly carbine canister shells at the invading ODST warriors. Three sparkling lime green shards streaked through the air menacingly and smashed straight into the solid mainframe armour of the Hell-Jumper's chest piece as well as his visor. The bolt cracked his silver visor roughly, allowing glass to explode outwards and his face to become disturbingly visible to the covenant forces. For his part however, the lieutenant roared and fired another volley of rockets at the enemy forces; blowing them apart with ease and barbaric grace.

Suddenly a garbled growl roared from his side, alerting him to the presence of a large burly armour clad Mgalekgolo that had started rushing forward with its shield hefted high ready to smash down upon the pesky Hell-jumper. Within seconds the ODS'T had panicked quickly and attempted to reload his rocket launcher whilst only jamming his entire missile launcher and leaving him vulnerable to the covenant monstrosity.

>The hunter growled outloud in a thousand voices as numerous volleys of human projectiles cut into its exposed orange flesh from behind; the other ODS'T's had opened fire whilst it had carved its entire metallic shield down in order to skewer the Hell-Jumping lieutenant in half. A heavy plumage of crimson blood quickly splattered all across the hunter's shield as it sought crude justice upon the human warrior; despite the temporary victory however, within seconds the remaining ODS'T's had managed to rip through its orange flesh and deplete it of life.<p>

The remaining orbital marines roared out in defiance as the massive burly creature fell down to the floor in a splatter of orange blood and metallic armour coverings. Then finally they continued to rush forward in order to barricade themselves behind a large set of rock battalions, plasma and needles rushing past as the covenant finally recovered and opened fire. A large collection of needles swiftly honed in and cut through the armour and into the flesh of an ODS'T, detonating him violently in an explosion of blood and gore.

"Slaughter them all!" The Kig-Yar sniper screeched outloud in fury, firing another volley of carbine shots that managed to scare the ODS'T's into ducking behind their cover and limit their own violent assault. As the Jackal continued to peer through his own magnified scope, one detail managed to capture his attention. A luminous blue cackling energy sword hovering up from the earth behind the ODS'T's, the wielder hidden from view but obviously slowly traveling forwards to sneak up behind the exposed humans.

Suddenly the Spec Ops Sangheili Commander revealed himself menacingly, switching his active camouflage of in order to rush forward and skewer his blade into the back of an ODS'T; then without pause or precinct it rampaged and sliced through another human menacingly, ignoring the bullets that sparked around his barriers whilst fuelled with the intent to smash his boot forward to topple an ODS'T to the ground and then stab him ferociously.

>Owing to the confusion of being killed from behind as well as by the overwhelming covenant horde from the front; it wasn't long until all human forces had been successfully neutralised whilst leaving the main anti air mac cannon lightly defended by a last resort measure battalion of UNSC marine guards. The Kig-Yar Sniper screeched out in success as the final ODS'T died upon another well placed thrust from the Spec Ops commander; finally the operation was been undertaken exactly as planned.<p>

"Blood spawn" The Jackal's communications relay swiftly ripped open as another message spawned into his helmet display, "You must inform your commander of your limited time, the anti-air network must be annihilated now!"

>"It will be done" The Sniper responded quickly, screeching loud enough for any transmission unit to translate his native tongue into something more processable and understandable for the other members

of the covenant.<p>

"You must understand, a human pelican has been spotted heading down to your battalion; they intend to defy the great path with their own impurity" The communication replied hurriedly, revealing the stress and even fear that this new information had to offer, "There is a Demon amongst them"

>The Kig-Yar halted for a moment, attempting to understand the raw information that had been thrust upon him to relay; he and the rest of his spawn brothers had no doubt heard of these legendary defilers almost like feared propaganda. The Sniper knew that if they didn't destroy this anti air canister in time, the destruction of not just them but the plans of the covenant would no doubt be set in inevitable motion.<p>

6. Victims Chapter Three

The silver clad USNC pelican hovered across the simple plain field, ripping through fuel as it accelerated its afterburners to propel it forwards to its intended target. One large mechanical anti air mac cannon turret that jutted up from the usual solid earth to aim outwards to destroy any covenant vessel foolish enough to invade. A thick barrel of smoke could be seen from the intended target, alerting all pelican occupants of the battle they would all face; despite this however, the battalion of marines inside the human vehicle were oddly over enthusiastic and pleased with their situation.

One large Mjonlir encased Spartan IV known as Sierra 106, member of Monument Team and called her own first name 'Monique' stood up swiftly from her position on the pelican and quickly reloaded her compact sniper rifle in anticipation. Despite the obvious arrogance that was seething through the present marines, she was unsure exactly how many covenant forces would be present and if she could do this. After being ripped away from Monument team on this protection rally, she had missed the comfort of taking orders and serving no true pivotal standpoint; but that all changed now, for she was in charge.

One marine scrunched his backside uncomfortably as he noticed she had stood up, he had served as the true jackass of the group and attempted to subside her as he realised she was indeed a woman and not just a Spartan machine of death. However she had reacquainted the marine with the old legend by swiftly smashing his own fragile manhood, loose enough to not make much damage and still powerful enough to serve as a painful reminder. Luckily for her, the embarrassment that he felt served as a reminder as well as prohibited him from attempting to rat her out to some high official command as well as his mates.

A smile slowly coursed through the female Spartan's face as she turned back to the destination ahead, then finally it slowly pitched away as her regulation and formal suite overcame and prepared her for combat scenarios.

>"Arm up we drop in less than fifty" She growled through her heavily magnified voice amplifier, allowing her powerful and commanding voice to course across the pelican's interior and shock the marines into movement.<p>

****Meanwhile****

>The Scorpion battle tank had really halted their progress, revealing how stubborn the fortitude of these resilient humans really were. Numerous casualties and precious minutes had been wasted on the exhausted measures of attempting to destroy the high rated battle vehicle that had been taken out as a last resort to halt the covenant armada.<p>

A resigned sigh of relief has slowly drawled out of the sharply disjointed maw of the Kig-Yar sniper as it lowered its surprisingly heavy purple carbine rifle down to the ground as it looked upon the destruction wrought by the enemy tank. It was only due to the Spec Ops Commanding Sangheili quick incisive thinking of activating his active camouflage, sneaking around behind the firing scorpion and smashing it apart with two well-placed plasma grenades, that they had all survived at all.

The jackal snarled out in disbelief as another volley of human rounds quickly erupted out of the base and ripped down three Unggoy minors in a violent splutter of blue luminous blood that rushed all across the remaining warriors. As the sniper continued to unleash green lime canister's upon the hidden enemy his small reptilian holes that were used as ears detected the sound of a human based engine accelerating towards their location.

A surprised scream of fear suddenly erupted out of numerous grunt soldiers who realised that the UNSC pelican was slowing down and preparing to drop off whatever human warriors that could halt their progression and path. Thick volleys of thunderous fire quickly erupted out of the descending vehicle, slaughtering numerous covenant warriors with cruel ease and even filling their already deceased bodies with overwhelming metal shards. One Unggoy squeaked in fear at his fallen brothers, attempting to grab one from the floor and raise him up to life to only be cut down by the merciless repeated fire of destruction.

The Spec Ops Sanghili roared out in defiance of the new vehicle, throwing a plasma grenade at its cockpit but missing of by an inch as the pelican turned to its side and prepared to leave. A quick battalion of marines swiftly landed upon the earth with dramatic ease, led by a green clad Spartan II warrior amassed with weaponry and the resolve to slaughter everything in her way.

>Fear amassed all over the Jackal sniper as he watched the demon literally decimate covenant soldiers with a cold and powerful strength that many elites would dream to possess; then finally as he looked at the many fallen corpses of his blood spawn and brethren he knew exactly what he had to do.<p>

So he started sprinting, rushing forward towards the large mac cannon with the speed and ferocity of a velocitator. Covenant warriors spun past his body as he continued to accelerate forward, switching his carbine onto his back holster so he could use his front paws to run forward almost like a beast. As the jackal continued to sprint forward with ferocious speed a volley of human rounds spat out and attempted to halt his movement; luckily he managed to pitch himself forward and jump upwards in defiance in order to land upon the main battlements of the anti-air mac cannon itself.

Numerous shouts of fear ripped through two marines as they noticed the jackal that had landed almost just in front of them, within

seconds the Kig-Yar snarled ferociously and jumped again in order to land upon and pin down one of the humans. Then with the resilience of a beast it bit its face forward, allowing the pain and adrenaline fuel his rage in order to rip the human's throat apart and bludgeon his face.

>As the second human kicked the creature of his friend, the sniper reacted like a wounded snake and scrambled out of the scene in order to rush down in hopes to gain access to the primary fuel canisters of the mac cannon.<p>

****Meanwhile****

>The spec ops elite rushed forward, his taloned grip firmly grasping the white handle that had emitted a cackling blue symmetrical curved energy sword. As the Sangheili rushed forward aggressively he could see numerous forces under his command being literally cut down without any hesitation or mercy from the one green clad Mjonlir human warrior.<p>

Suddenly a powerful shard of metal smashed into his chest piece, completely ignoring the invisibility unit that encased him as well as his own personal shielding barriers with a singular violent outburst of sniper fire. Purple blood spewed out of the large gaping hole left behind as the spec ops commander groaned in pain, looking up through his aggressive helmet he could see the Demon lowering its sniper rifle to fire at other units and slaughter them with crude and violent ease.

Finally the elite buckled down to his knees, pitching forward and smashing his chest against the floor in agony as every limb and muscle in his body refused to move and betrayed him to the mercy of the Spartan II. As he continued to watch the Demon rush forward and kick down another Sangheili of his battalion he writhed in pain and fury, not only his warriors but his brethren were being slaughtered by this murderer. Finally the Spartan walked over and shot a fallen Kig-Yar in the head violently, checking bodies as it smashed its boot down on a vulnerable Unggoy to silence him as well.

It was only then that the Spec Ops commander noticed that the human Demon walked and was basically structured like that of a human female, which was something that surprised as well as infuriated him. Then as the female warrior walked up and cocked her magnum in preparation to slaughter him, he growled out and roared at her, "You are a female demon? This dishonour will not do for the son and father of the Os'damee!"

>"Yeah if only your ancestors could see you now" The Demon replied without hesitation or regret upon her voice; slowly she reloaded her M9 Magnum and prepared to slaughter him with brutal ease and lack of mercy.<p>

Suddenly a noise interrupted the execution, causing the numerous UNSC marines as well as the one final Sangheili to look up and notice the massive plumage of purple fire that had spread from the mac cannons underside. Ripping its entire underside apart with a massive explosion was another volley of crimson fire that managed to topple the entire anti air structure to the side and then finally to smash down upon the earth violently. Numerous groans of regret and anger swiftly cascaded through the marines as they realised their goal had been ripped away from them and they had failed not just their orders but the citizens of this planet.

>"You have failed; the covenant armada can now fulfil the will of the

prophets without your pathetic hindrance" The Spec Ops Sangheili growled outloud in satisfaction, closing his own eyes in humility at the prospect of finally being at peace and unity with his ancestors.<p>

With the grimace of resolution and a cough of pain he looked upwards as a sharp pain suddenly pitched in from his neck cavity, as he flexed his mandibles in fury he could see the powerful stubborn green boot of the Demon's leg stepping straight down on his exposed muscular neck.

>Monique didn't make a noise as she increased pressure upon the elite from her position above him, finally she stuck her heel straight onto the exposed jugular and allowed the strength of her augmented body and leg to cease the elite's breathing and crush his spinal cord with a powerful thrust. Then just to make sure, she unloaded a volley of magnum rounds into the elite's skull and splattered his brains all across the soiled grass lands.<p>

"Get me airborne" Monique sighed outloud, cocking her hip to the side as she looked amongst the numerous covenant casualties; if it were up to her then she would have slaughtered so many more of the invading filth.

7. Murderers Chapter One

"This is Sierra 106 of Team Monument and the forces of the UNSC, Spartan Monique requesting transmission to high command" The large Mjornlir clad female warrior spoke hurriedly into her communications relay, her position still awkwardly placed inside the rather small pelican interior bay with all surviving members of her initial squad. After losing the anti-air mac cannon to the forces of the covenant, as well as hearing that many other teams had been defeated in their own futile quests to protect the planet; the Spartan II had slowly lost the concept of hope over this planet they had all fought for.

"Respond high command, I require sitrep on my next objective" Monique shouted again into her radio, allowing no noise or sound to escape her helmet through to the other warriors in the cockpit as she continued to request for help, "Command! This is Spartan 106 of team Monument requesting initial transmission and sitrep on next objective!"

Three marines cocked their heads to the side in confusion of the silent green clad Spartan II, they required some form of commands to understand their next move against the covenant; without orders what could they even be?

>"COMMAND! This is Spartan 106 of team Monument! Please transfer this transmission to the remainders of my squad and high command of the UNSC" Monique screamed into her radio headset furiously, her voice cracking as she started unleashing a volley of repressed aggression and emotional intake. Finally as not one voice answered her, the Spartan II roared out in fury and punched her fist forward to heavily dent the pelican interior chair in a spasm of unleashed anger and repression.<p>

"What the hell is wrong with you?" One of the marines spoke inquisitively whilst still attempting to quell the fear represented through the heavily augmented warrior's outbreak of pure raw rage and

anger.

>"Keep your thoughts to yourself" Monique snapped without hesitation through her heavily magnified visor, refusing to allow the marines see how broken she had really become and how fragile she felt at the current moment.<p>

"As long as you don't topple the whole pelican you freak" Another human warrior replied snidely, a smile etched upon his face as he looked at the victimised Spartan II as almost something close to an inferior.

>The Mjonlir clad Spartan warrior sighed and stopped shaking her fists, choosing to bottle up her own aggression in order to exhaust it another day; now was not the time to start arguing with those who no doubt would be fighting along her side without long. Finally she nodded once and allowed silence to resume within the cockpit as all warriors looked to each other awkwardly with an ever present etch of tension cascading across the vehicles cockpit.<p>

"Spartan, do you have any coordinates for me?" A voice suddenly ripped through Monique's communications, it was the tone of the pelican's confused but positively inquisitive piloting operators.

>"Negative pilot, all radio transmissions are being blocked by some powerful source; I can't get any contact through to my squad or members of the UNSC high command" The green clad Spartan II responded honestly, her tone representing how deadpan and lost she felt without a reassuring figure issuing her with commands and assisting her with all of her own decisions.
"Damn it, ok I guess I should take this bird back home to the aircraft hangar at foundation 01" The pilot continued to speak with slight hesitation, his own confusion heavily etched upon the radio transmission as he finally decided to change their initial plans to protect the planet with their own survival.

"Affirmative" Monique sighed slowly; ripping off her own Mjonlir green encased helmet and hanging it down to the seat next to her in order to let her surprisingly long hair fall to her shoulders. Unlike most Spartan II's of her calibre, she had refused to shave her head on a regular basis as soon as she had been given permit to leave the training grounds of Reach in search to assist and fundement the UNSC over the assault of the covenant armada.

>The thick brown hair slowly tangled at the sides but left her face completely unmarked except for the bulging cheek bone muscle and slightly green iris's that marked her eyes; despite these strange unfamiliarity's, numerous marines stopped twice and stared at her with something rather different from disgust etched in their own minds.<p>

"Were going back to the primary hangar bay on Alongside for quick detachment" She spoke loudly, unsure whether her voice would even carry out without the powerful voice amplifier that had been standard issue inside her own green Mjonlir mark V helmet, "I'm not sure how exactly high command is going to respond to thisâ€|"

Suddenly a loud noise interrupted her own speech, the sound of alarm beacons activating and screaming harshly as a thick plumage of red light bathed itself inside the pelican's cockpit; every single light and notification screeching out warning sounds.

>"Report in, what the hell is going on out there!?" Monique shouted out to the communications relay that the pilot's had shared with her

momentarily, her own voice starting to become more nervous and jittery when it came to flying and possible aerial combat.<p>

"Covenant assault carrier has appeared right over our position, were not sure if they have noticed or cared about us yet but its heading straight for the capital" The operating pilot responded with a deadpan and almost completely hopeless, neglected tone upon his own voice. Suddenly another screech quickly ripped through the communications, revealing how wrong the prior assumption had been as a massive bolt of plasma rounds thundered down and narrowly missed the accelerating UNSC pelican.
>"Their firing down on our position!" The pilot screamed out in fear, just before one particularly accurate goblet of superheated blue cackling energy impacted straight on and through the vessel's front cockpit; killing all pilots whilst sending the entire vehicle plummeting down to the dark earth below.
Within seconds, they crashed.

8. Murderers Chapter Two

The deep chasm of black that shaped in a sphere dilated sharply in contrast to the sudden flare of light, acting unnaturally against the yellow pour whilst blinking twice in fear of intruders. With a squawk of fear and self-preservation, the avian water fowl bird yanked its long reptilian feet out of the water and unleashed its heavy white feathers into an impressive wingspan that doubled its own size. With a quick flutter of wings the aerodynamic creature jumped upwards and allowed its wings to float it away into a location of safety that didn't encompass the noisy intruding warriors of the UNSC.

"Jesus Christ!" A marine shouted out as the pale figure squawked and flew away, it almost looked like a ghost in the darkness and as the human slowly released his finger of the trigger of his M18 Assault rifle; he was surprised no one else had fired.

>"Calm down private, it's just a bird" One large Mjonlir clad armoured Spartan II spoke up roughly, her own powerful voice heavily magnifying through the golden visor that encased her solid brunette hair and face. Personally the augmented warrior had noticed the bird a lot earlier than the rest of the human forces but had kept the silence until they had interrupted its hunting tactics. Unlike the rest of the UNSC however, she had noticed that the avian creature's pupils had dilated very differently to birds she had been used to. Due to the massive overindulgence of night that eroded this entire planet, the local wildlife would be more used to darkness and thus afraid of any bright lights that could blind them.<p>

Monique knew that keeping the soldier inline was one of the most important factors when it came to their own moral mentality, men broke apart when they were given choices they didn't understand or know whether to choose or not; therefore she had been tasked with the survival of these soldiers as well as the obligation to find radio contact that would get them the hell out of there.

After the crash, they had all been relapsed with nervous fits of fear for their own lives; and as a massive collection of covenant battle assault cruisers had appeared overhead with the cruel intent to glass this once beautiful world, even the female Spartan II had to say that hope was grim and survival maybe even worse. Numerous human shuttles

could be seen evacuating the planet but they were too far away to contact, to rushed to even consider or care for the hundreds of men and women that may have been left behind on this planet ready to burn.

>"Where exactly are we going?" One of the marines groaned outloud in desperation with grim hatred of the freak like Spartan II. His body alignment arched forward roughly as he cocked his assault rifle onto his back, looking upwards at the massive covenant shuttles almost ominously.<p>

"Nearest harbour is four clicks north east" Monique replied without a sweat, stepping forward regimentally and crushing a set of solid earth under her boot as she continued to push to her intended destination, "If we can get there before the extraction shuttle departs then we have a chance to get the hell of this mud pile."

>"What if the shuttle has already left?" Another UNSC marine spoke up evenly, his own hesitation and innocent question serving as the pivotal anger point that managed to finally snap the once cool and collected mind of the female Spartan II.
"Then you can find your own way of this rock" Monique growled at him, causing all marines present to jump back in something close to fear at the suddenly enraged super augmented warrior.

Suddenly one streak of light ripped through the atmosphere, almost serving as a reminding template that a much more terrifying and dangerous enemy was indeed present in the scenario. The thick beam round shuttled through the sky until it burrowed through the chest piece of the nearest marine and blew out the other side; unleashing a volley of red gunk and a hole that almost ripped his entire body apart.

"Get down!" Monique shouted out in fear of the thunderous sniper fire that quickly ripped through another UNSC marine without hesitation or fragments of mercy. As the female Spartan II rushed forward and ducked behind a heavy set of jumbled rocks she could almost smell the plasma that started to unleash itself on the already confused human warriors; successfully cutting down a few before the final four lightly armoured fighters managed to duck to cover and temporary safety.

>The female growled harshly as a needle impacted harshly amongst her exposed shoulder plate, barely singing the golden energy shields that encased her but still serving as a cruel reminder that no single place on this wretched planet was safe.<p>

"I can't spot a thing, were sitting ducks out here!" One of the final marines shouted out in fear and pain, a thick bludge of crimson blood slowly curving down from a needle wound that had infected itself inside an exposed gap in his armpit.

>Monique swore outloud, her plan to save the squad was going to hell already and she was still unsure if even she could survive this initial onslaught. So with the speed of a true augmented warrior she swiftly clicked a magazine into her sidearm SMG rifle and jumped upwards to fire upon the enemy covenant creatures.<p>

As the Spartan II fired upon the various numbers of alien creatures, she made a note on what exactly they were versing; luckily all she could see was a small battalion of Unggoy minors, two Kig-Yar sniper scouts that were all led by a trio of Sangheili Major's. One purple banshee could be seen lying on the ground; perhaps it had been

dropped and then recovered by this small unit? Only for the covenant battalion to discover the humans and fire upon them.

>This was going to be harder than initially expected.<p>

9. Murderers Chapter Three

"Keep firing! Don't let up!" The green encased Spartan II thundered out of her golden visor, allowing her regimented and powerful words encourage the resilient but tired marines to continue their duty by firing upon the enemy covenant. Pulsating orbs of blue and green plasma bolts filtered the air barbarically, hunting down on one exposed UNSC marine and shattering his armour into mere fragments as the soldier attempted to hide down into cover.

Monique swore outloud as her sidearm SMG started clicking; the continuous volley of rounds barely managed to scrape the shielding of a Sangheili Major, let alone kill it whilst chewing up an entire clip of thick valuable bullets that seemed to be running out terrifyingly quick.

>Swiftly the Mjonlir encased Spartan II hitched the useless firearm onto her thigh holster and ripped a M9 magnum from her other holster to fire at the enemies. Unlike the machine pistol, this precise and deadly sidearm managed to blow apart two Unggoy with rapid headshots; blue luminous blood flowing from all sides as the heavy magnum rounds cut through their skulls.<p>

One thick volley of pink needles quickly ripped down upon an exposed UNSC marine, stripping through his armour and into the soft flesh underneath; within seconds the individual crystalline objects sparked together and committed their primary function. A thick explosion of pink mist and dust quickly exploded, sending numerous patches of flesh and blood in all directions and stirring the final three marines into dismay.

"Pick your targets!" Monique shouted out quickly, making sure the marines would use their anger against the enemy force and not in futile attempts to each other. As the Spartan II stood and fired a quick volley of magnum rounds she could almost sense the thick beams of purple light that narrowed in and prepared to fire upon her; so with the speed of an augmented warrior she dropped down to one knee to fire her pistol at the two Kig-Yar snipers.

A thick flow of purple blood escaped violently out of the Jackal scout's from numerous wounds issued from the skull as well as chest cavity. As the creatures fell to the ground, one surprisingly large Sangheili major roared out in fury and rushed forward with one powerful talon issued on the heavy plasma rifle in its grip.

>"Incoming!" Monique shouted out as the elite rushed up to the humans, firing upon the three remaining remains with a heavy barrage of blue plasma bolts that sizzled down with the cruel intent to slaughter them all. The major roared out, its crimson armour barely affected by the brutal fire it was receiving as it fired at the humans and managed to slaughter one with a cruel kick to the side that crushed his chest cavity.<p>

Suddenly the armoured Sangheili grunted out in pain, a smudge of purple blood flowing out of its body as one solid metal K-Bar knife could be seen prodding from its back straight through the spinal cord

and ripping out the neck. Monique stifled her back rigidly and kicked down at the elite, letting it fall down to the ground with barely a fragment of life still imbed inside its husk of a corpse.
>The two final UNSC marines looked up slowly at the massive Mjonlir clad female with something close to admiration in their eyes; they knew that if she hadn't done what had happened; they would all have been killed by the Sangheili Major.
"Ummm thanks Spartan" the first one spoke slowly, confused with the words he was saying whilst the other nodded in agreement but undeniable fear of not wishing to speak outloud to the heavy mesh of raw strength, mechanical destruction and raging ferocity.

Monique nodded without a word, turning back to the final covenant members that had fought them all; one Sangheili major with two Unggoy minors, all issued with powerful weaponry and lightly padded armour. Then with a cold resentment, the Spartan II pointed forward with her free hand whilst firing at the alien creatures with her powerful M9 Magnum firearm. Within seconds the marines rushed forward and splattered across the heavy compilation of mud, soil and grass, thick gloved fingers pressing down on the large MA8 Assault Rifles in their grip at the dying forces of the covenant scout team.

"Take them out!" Monique shouted violently, stepping forward with a quick stomp onto the muddy floor whilst throwing her only remaining fragmentation grenade at the base of the alien invading warriors. The small grey sphere like object sparked once as it rebounded against the solid green earth before detonating violently with a thunderous eruption of shrapnel, flames and smoke to consume all present covenant creatures within its radius.

>The final Sangheili major moaned out in pain, attempting to stay on its own two boots as purple blood spewed forth out of its body until the creature finally fell down to the soily earth and wheezed in painful death. As a thick stream of sweat, saliva and blood slowly streamed out of the thick four mandibles of the creature, it could sense the thick green boot of the Spartan II step down until it crushed the crimson chest plate that encased the dying Elite Major.<p>

"Pathetic humans, your victory will be short lived!" The red clad reptilian groaned out slowly, attempting to sound menacingly despite the powerful demeaning boot that held it in place as well as the female Spartan's mercy, "There is nowhere for you to go, you will all burn like the usurping heretics you are!"

>Monique narrowed her eyes in honest aggression over the truth this creature was gloating over, and then finally she looked back at the purple banshee that had still been parked in the green foliage with commitment. Slowly she lowered her fist and unleashed two violent rounds into the Sangheili's head from her position above it without even looking at the pathetic invader.<p>

"What do we do now?" One of the two marines spoke up slowly as the Spartan II started walking towards the banshee with intended purpose etched upon her powerful footsteps. The heavy plumage of red smoke could be seen from over thousands of leagues in every direction, revealing the destruction of the nearest city to the UNSC marines. As they continued to watch with fear pitching in their hearts, another covenant assault carrier revealed itself by firing a thick purple beam down to the earth in order to glass the once lively planet with overwhelming energy, fire and superheated plasma.

Monique didn't make a noise as she crouched down by the purple banshee, monitoring its energy cable's and preparing it for quick transport to any location she could muster. Without a word she activated a heavily combined panel of coils and cords to allow the aerial flier to glow and smoke to pour out of the two primary lobes of the entire vehicle.

>Then slowly she stood up, still with one hand on the large magnum firearm she looked down at the pathetic marines that had attempted to belittle her into subservience, "This is a one seater vehicle, I'm getting myself of this rock for good."<p>

"What about us?" A roar of disbelief quickly ripped through the UNSC marines, to be abandoned on this planet would definitely mean their own inevitable death by the hands of these alien invaders.

>The female Spartan II looked down at the injured and weary marines through her powerful golden visor without a twinge of mercy in her tone, "ONI registration says that a priority I candidate is an invaluable loss that we cannot afford."
"This isn't happening!" The second marine screamed out in furious frustration, ripping out his own assault rifle from the back holster and moving to activate it in hopes to blackmail or even threaten the Spartan II to save them all.

With a quick move, Monique responded exactly how she had been taught and trained to react when it came to aggressive assaults on her own life. Her right arm quickly moved to respond to the immediate danger by firing one magnum round into the armed marine's face whilst issuing one powerful thrust with her right knee, the armoured limb managed to clip the human between the legs in order to knock him down in agony. As the marine swore in complete rage and pain, the heavy magnum cold steel pricked him at the back of the head before another quick and solid puff of smoke ripped through and blew the human's face apart from above.

The two corpses fell down to the ground, hidden inside the thick foliage of green grass as the Spartan II turned back to open the thick lid of the banshee flier and position herself into the aerial vehicle. Without a word the entire vessel thundered forward, emitting a streak of light that propelled itself forward into the red stricken atmosphere whilst leaving the two butchered humans down upon the destroyed planet.

>And not a word was said, not a word of care or worry for the Spartan II to even speak or think to herself as she abandoned her own teammates and species to the mercy of the covenant.
Nor did she care she was a murderer.

End
file.